

HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted By Mrs. M. T. Gambrell

POETRY.

"THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER."

A mother supposed to be looking over the relics of her lost children
There are whips and tops, and pieces of strings
There are shoes that no little feet wear
And trusses of golden hair
There are little dresses folded away out of the light of the sunny day
There are dainty jackets that never are worn
There are toys and models of ships
There are books and pictures all faded and torn
And noddies with the finger tips of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just
But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away
And I sometimes doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart could love them
Then I think of the many weary ones
That are waiting and watching to night
For the slow return of faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin
Whom the sinners of the temple have gathered in
They wander far in distant climes
They perish by fire and flood
And their hands are black with the dirt of crime
That have kindled the wrath of God
Yet a mother's song has soothed them
And she has kissed them to slumber upon her breast
And then I think of my children
My three that never grew old
And I know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with the streets of gold
Safe from the cruel eyes of the weary
From sin and sorrow and war
And I thank God, though my faith is faint
For the things in the bottom drawer.
(Miss LeVick)

EDITORIAL.

ONE OF HUMAN NATURE'S PARADOXES.

Only a slender purse can induce a sensible person to buy an imitation of any article of wear. Paste pens are secretly despised by their wearers, scorn of the petty cheat fills the breast covered with imitation lace, why then should sensible people be content with an imitation of Christianity? The one true, genuine, valuable possession in the reach of all who will "come" is lost while an imitation, no better than a base counterfeit, is proudly exhibited. Why is this? Are not these who clutch the imitations using them as a fallacy to soothe conscience into a slumber which shall end in eternal death to the soul? Or is it because it has become fashionable to have some church connection, and therefore the member of fashionable society will take as much of the shadow as she can have without the substance.

Some people of professed pre-eminent charity made a great ado over George Eliot's reading, just prior to her death, Thomas a Kempis' Imitation of Christ. Why commend the reading of the Imitation when the precious reality, the life of Christ as recorded by the pen of inspiration might have been as easily read—more easily understood.

An eminent Presbyterian minister once said: "Man is the only animal that tries to deceive itself." No hypocrisy is so hard to uproot as that practiced upon one's own self, oftentimes the hand of death only can tear off the slimy disguise and then it is too late. If in the matter of robbing the body which is frail and perishable, care be given that all be things of real and genuine, why be careless about the clothing of the immortal, imperishable soul when robes of Christ's own spotless righteousness have been prepared for it?

Alas, for the fascination which the unreal, flimsy, man-made theology has for thinking men; men sensible on every other question but this most important one!

Cannot the explanation of the paradox be found in the words of Scripture: "The carnal mind is enemy against God."

The Sabbath is a permanent provision for rest, worship, good works, charitable ministries, higher education, and exaltation of the character and destiny of all mankind—W. H. Everts.

We ought not to acquiesce in the shadows which are only around us because we do not hear, or hearing do not heed, God's call into the sunshine.—F. R. Haegeal.

TEMPERANCE.

"Modesty is a charming grace, And never blushes but in the right place."

We were reminded of this old couplet when we read objections urged by some pseudo modest writer against the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Why should it be thought an immodest thing in Christian women to urge the claims of social purity upon their friends of the opposite sex? Why should a Christian woman hesitate to ask a young man to wear the white cross and pledge himself not to indulge in rude jests, profane language or any habit that would sully his moral character?

The same writer indulged in a severe criticism upon ministers who in their condemnation of the dance, ventured to hint at the pitfalls that lay in the way of feet that traced the dizzy mazes of the waltz. So it seems that it is all very well for the daily papers to advertise the ball the hop where the German plays the first set, and then demand the *virtue* of the tragedy whose *virtue* exposes "for identification" the body of "one more unfortunate" but the minister who comes with the glad tidings of salvation must utter no warning note to keep the unwary from temptation.

The Christian women must keep silent when saloons, gambling dens and all the other traps of hell are opened and baited to catch the young. The Christian wives, mothers and daughters must, meekly see the work of destruction deliberately planned, legalized and executed lest some scribbler, some pot house politician should criticize them for not being "keepers at home" and tax them with a lack of modesty.

With all due deference to these wingers, we must say, when we want teachers of modesty, morality and home religion we shall not hunt them up or look for their lips or pens to drop wisdom.

No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations, and the morality of society as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting as they do an infinite waste and unneeded evil.—London Times.

When public opinion shall place those who furnish the means of this destructive vice on a level with thieves and counterfeiters, then, and not till then, may we expect to see our land purged from this abomination.—Judge David Duggan, C. L. Conn. 1887.

Until there is sufficient Christian patriotism among the leaders of the people to demand the statutory prohibition of this licensed enormity, society must make up its mind to bear all the accumulated horrors of the drink curse.—Ed. Bulfinch Lewis, Edinburgh.

May I not rightly sum up the duty of those who believe the liquor traffic to be a curse, as this: Where ever license prevails, wrest every inch of territory you can for prohibition; where prohibition prevails, never surrender an inch to license, except from dire necessity.—Judge Robert C. Pitman.

We believe in cutting that dog's tail off right behind the ears.—Hunt and Grech in 1867.

What ought legislators to do? I answer: Place the article on the contraband list, and make the traffic in it penal, as being deadly to the best interests of men. Are not the evils arising from the traffic as dangerous and as destructive to the community as those that arise from the traffic in lottery tickets? Nay, are they not more so?—Sen. Mark Doolittle of Massachusetts.

The grog shops must be closed. The power that will do the thing, whatever it be, is the power that must do it. So long as eighty-five per cent of our prisoners owe their incarceration to drunkenness, so long as there is in our city one licensed place for the sale of liquor to every 170 inhabitants, so long as from the effect of drink there is no other side to the other. The grog shops must be shut. At any rate—whether of public interference or private self-denial, whether the law goes on the statute books or the wine comes off the dinner table—by some means the grog shops must be shut. He is either criminally ignorant of the facts, or criminally indifferent to them who can deny this.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Success must be limited while professed Christians in such large numbers vote to perpetuate and honor this traffic by authority of law. The grand triumph for which suffering men and women vote and pray will never come till members of churches generally rise up in their might and compel political parties to accept this higher morality, and nominate only men who will prohibit

by law this heaven-daring crime. They can do it if they will; and by failing to meet this high obligation, do they not make themselves responsible for the wrongs and suffering which they can, but will not, prevent.—Pastoral letter of the Bishops of the M. E. Church.

WHAT LACK WE YET?

When Washington was President, As cold as an icicle, He never on a railroad went, And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp, Nor heard about the Yellow-stone; He never liked a postage stamp, And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at his knees, By wire he could not catch his patch; He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease, And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass, All work is with such dashing 'cane, We've all these things—but then alas! We seem to have no Washington.

ONLY A WOMAN.

It lacked a few minutes of 11 o'clock. She gave a hasty glance across the room to assure herself the children were asleep, covered the few remaining coals in ashes, threw an old shawl over her head and was gone. Gone into the cold dark world, friendless, helpless, alone.

Hurriedly, silently she moved along. The very thought of being out in the world in the dark almost took her breath. The barking of yard-dogs as she passed filled her with terror, but the one thought "I must see him, I must see him!" crushed down her fears and hastened her other venturesome mission. She passed the mills whose stone walls stood like huge monuments, their gloom chilled her more than the pelting snow. She is almost faint and every nerve is in a quiver, yet on she hurries her wild eyes peering through the darkness for a glimpse of light. Suddenly she pauses—"Have I missed the way?" she rasped, "I thought he would be here until midnight, he always is when the agent comes," she said desperately looking for the broad marble steps. "Here they are, Oh! how cold!" as she stumbles and falls against them.

"What, oh what can I do. The agent is gone, I can't save father and here I am all alone. Merciful Heaven let me die here and to-morrow father will find me and maybe that will save him."

"But hush, some one is coming," she says under her breath, "two of them," and her heart gives a wild, glad throb, as a gleam of eager hope whispers "maybe they are returning for something."

But it is suddenly died away, and her heart is as still as death when two men with muffled tread mount the steps.

"Watch!" says one in so strange, unearthly an undertone, that the girl pressing close against the dark wall quails under the hissing accents and almost falls to the ground. At her heart's reaction she presses her icy hand to her bosom to cease its throbbing.

"What do's it all mean," she wonders. A ball indistinct sound as of rattling keys, she fears to even move her eyes but she is sure the door is being opened; she glances up, sideways and a dark object passes into the bank of the mill, and to-morrow is pay day.

"They are robbers! Oh! God! am I to see it and still helpless?" she thought desperately. "Listen, the safe, oh! he's found it. The money, the money! I hear it rattle! Merciful Heaven! is there no help?" and still the half frozen figure did not move.

"They'd murder me if I were discovered. I can easily touch the guards' hand. But Oh! I must speak, I must! quick! all my strength is deserting me, I believe I'm dying."

She looked up at the man almost in front of her and wondered if she had not better tell him, then she glanced up to Heaven but only murky blackness met her gaze. However, the very thought of Heaven seemed to quiet her nerves and an unuttered prayer is in her heart when foot steps approach.

"Some one else?" She listens breathlessly. "Another robber?" she thinks despairingly. "They'll find me now, I'm lost, I'm lost! why! Oh why did I come!"

The sound on the pavement draws nearer, firm and steady. The guard on the steps stands erect against the dark wall—he touches her skirts, she hears his suppressed breathing; like an inspiration, the thought shoots through her half distracted mind.

"Help! A thief! To the bank!" It was the nightwatch on his rounds. He rushed to the door just in time to see a dark figure dash out. "To the bank!" he cried as the gathering crowd came pell-mell in eager pursuit.

Long their yells, wild their confusion. Still they come, men, women and children. The electric light is struck up, full search is made but no thief is found nor any clue to the first voice of alarm.

"I am perfectly sure I heard some one," persisted the nightwatchman, "or I'd passed on by the thief."

"It might have been a ghost," remarked some one, who, unnoticed, was caught up by the more ignorant and spread like wild fire. The proprietor and banker find the contents of the safe scattered upon the floor, and while they and their clerks are trying to gather up the mass of bonds, money and jewels fresh confusion arises just outside the door.

"A woman dead!" Here, stand aside! "A light, quick!" "Goodness! It isn't ole Joe!"

The crowd is packed close and a pass way is made, through which they bear the mad stained form of the nearest house.

[To be continued.]

Moneyless Farmers and Home Fertilizers.

There is a way to make poor lands rich, and poor farmers prosperous, without purchasing any commercial fertilizers whatever. This thing was often done by sagacious and industrious farmers before fertilizer factories were ever heard of, and it can be done again without money and without credit, but not without brains.

In the South we may have no farms two home made fertilizers, which cannot be profitably produced in cold climates: the clay pea and other field peas, and cotton seed, and these alone may make poor lands rich. When we add to these home made manures, forest leaves, pine straw and weeds of all kinds plowed under to add a humus to the soil, we have a list of home fertilizers in the reach of every farmer.

If a cow is kept up in the winter in a comfortable stable and bedded with forest leaves sufficient to dry the liquid nature, the fertilizers makes in the winter will be worth more than the hay and cotton seed she eats. A ton of cotton seed judiciously fed to sheltered cattle in winter may be more valuable than a ton of superphosphate that costs forty dollars. The oil and seed of other properties in the seed, fed to cattle remain to help assimilate the coarsest food, and the potash, phosphates, soda etc., go on to enrich the manure pile and crop post hap.

By throwing road dust in such small weekly it will fix the ammonia, make the air more healthy, and the manure more valuable. A large quantity of dry earth may be placed under a shed in the fall for this purpose. Land plaster answers the same purpose.

If a farmer has a half dozen cows and oxen penned and fed in this way for four or five months, and two males or horses, by throwing in what cotton seed he will not need for feed to be trodden in and mixed with the manure, out of this mixture a most valuable compost can be made.

Put up square rail pens five feet high made of nine foot rails and fill to the top with manure from cows and horse stalls cleaned out in January. Leave the top of each heap lower in the middle to catch the rains. Put on two more rails and cover six inches to a foot deep with forest leaves, which will hold in the steam and protect from the sun better than hay or straw.

In March put up more pens and clean out the stalls again and make more compost heaps. This is the valuable for sweet potatoes, peas and June and for late peas and forage crops and for the tall grass. To making up the compost heaps collect all the barnyard manure, all the chicken manure, all the leaves and litter and rotten wood possible and mix thoroughly with the stable manure. The amount of manure that can be made in this manner by an industrious small farmer would surprise anyone. And not a dollar's worth of commercial fertilizer used. But if a farmer has money or credit it would pay to put a moderate amount of superphosphate or acid phosphate and kainit in any of his compost heaps.—Pineyale.

STOP TO CONSIDER!

That W. A. WHITING is now preparing to show the newest, prettiest, and best selected stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Carpets, Rugs, etc., Ever brought to Jackson, at prices that cannot be beat in our largest cities.

All the the *Venettes* for the season in DRESS GOODS.

Suits, Skirts, Blouses and other fashionable trimmings for same. All wool Flannel Shirts, 37c. 44 wood Satinets, 37c. 41 " Cashmere, 60c. and colors, 40c. 41 " 60c. per yard. Colored Silk Hosiery, 2.00 to 3.00. A Dr. Warner's Crest for 50c. worth 75c. anywhere. Jeans from 15c to 75c. Cassimeres from 25c to 75c. Cotton Flannel from 25c. up. Blankets colored and white, from 50c. to \$5.00 per pair.

Rubber Goods.

Men's Coats, Rubber Boots and Over Shoes. Ladies Newmaker's and Circulars, \$1 to \$2. Ladies and Misses Over Shoes and Articles.

We will claim that our shoes are the best in the market for the money. Our Handmade Brown \$2.50 shoes can't be equalled.

Our Gent's \$3.50 will fit and wear as well as any hand made shoe.

Let Us Sell You a Carpet.

Rugs, Ingrains, Three-Ply, Tapestry and Body Brussels in large assortments and the very latest and best designs.

We will make them up to fit your room and you will have no trouble and loss in matching fixtures.

We sell carpet strictly of New York prices.

We fear no competition. We want to show you our goods whether you buy or not. We want to convince the public that we mean all we say.

Our goods for samples and prices promptly attended to.

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Rail-Road Time-Table.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

(Great Jackson Route.)

Passes Jackson.

[Nos. 1 & 2 Sunday excepted.]

NORTH BOUND.

No. 2, Express arrives.....5:20 p. m.

leaves.....5:40 p. m.

No. 4, Mail, leaves.....12:45 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 1, Express arrives.....3:45 p. m.

leaves.....4:05 p. m.

No. 3, mail leaves.....12:25 a. m.

L. F. MONTGOMERY T. R. Agt.

J. W. COLEMAN, A. G. P. Agt.

YAZOO & MISS. VALLEY R. R.

Leave Jackson.....5:30 a. m.

Arrive at Jackson.....5:30 p. m.

Except Sunday.

L. F. MONTGOMERY, T. R. Agt.

VICKSBURG & MERIDIAN R. R.

(Queen and Crescent Route.)

EASTWARD.

Leave Jackson.....5:57 p. m.

Arrive at Meridian.....3:30 a. m.

Freight leaves Jackson at 12:30 a. m.

and 10:30 a. m.

WESTWARD.

Leave Jackson.....5:57 p. m.

Arrive at Vicksburg.....3:30 a. m.

Freight leaves Jackson at 12:30 a. m.

and 10:30 a. m.

The Jackson accommodation leaves Jackson at 7:00 a. m., and arrives at Vicksburg at 9:00 a. m. Leaves Vicksburg at 3:30 p. m. and arrives at Jackson at 5:30 p. m.

M. S. BELKNAP, Supt.

I. HARDY, Com'l. Agt.

J. W. DEMING, Frt. & Pass. Agt.

MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD.

DOUBLE DAILY TRAINS.

NORTH BOUND.

Leave Meridian.....3:30 and 7:00 p. m.

Ar. at Meridian.....3:30 and 11:45 a. m.

Through Sleepers from Mobile to St. Louis, and New Orleans via Columbus.

Passengers to and from Mobile change Sleepers (on same train) at Mobile.

C. J. WALLER, G. P. A.

LOUISVILLE, NEW ORLEANS & TEXAS RAILROAD.

(Mississippi Valley Route.)

On and after Oct. 10, 1888, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

FAST MAIL.

SOUTH BOUND.

Leave Memphis.....3:30 p. m.

Vicksburg.....12:47 a. m.

Baton Rouge.....6:00 a. m.

New Orleans.....7:40 p. m.

EXPRESS.

Greenville.....3:15 a. m.

Vicksburg.....8:25 a. m.

Harrison.....10:45 a. m.

Baton Rouge.....4:45 p. m.

New Orleans.....6:25 p. m.

EXPRESS NORTH.

Vicksburg.....8:30 a. m.

Lebanon.....11:35 a. m.